

# The RALLY

*A Scouting Magazine for the American Girl*

Volume II, Number 10

JULY, 1919

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# A VISIT FROM THE CHIEF SCOUT

## *Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell Are Entertained by American Scouts.*

EVERY Girl Scout, and that includes all the readers of THE RALLY, has been interested in the visit to this country of Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the Founder of Scouting, and Lady Baden-Powell, Chief of the English Girl Guides.

It doesn't seem possible that seven years ago there were only a dozen Girl Scouts in America. When Mrs. Juliette Low founded the Girl Scouts in Savannah in 1912 she could hardly have hoped that in so short a time the organization would attain national importance. Now there are more than 51,000 members and just as the organization has grown here, so it has grown all over the world.

It is easier almost, to name the countries in which the movement has not been started than those in which it has, for there are Girl Scouts in France and Belgium, a troop four years old in Portugal, a troop is being started in China—there is already one in Japan; there were Guides in the Scandinavian countries before the war, but nothing has been heard from them since, one troop in Italy, nine in Holland and some in Roumania. There have also been rumors of troops in Switzerland, in Serbia and even far away Corsica, while last summer two girls who knew the principles of Scouting came from Russia.

It was the astonishing growth of the Girl Scouts that made Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell particularly anxious to come to America. With Mrs. Juliette Low, our National President, they felt that a new impetus would be added to the movement and a new interest developed if the Girl Scouts of various nations could get to know about each other's work and thus establish an international sympathy.

In a word, Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell with Mrs. Low are aiming to found a sort of Girl Scout League of Nations and with this purpose in view they have already conferred with representatives from Roumania, Norway, Sweden, Portugal, Italy and France.

So you see all these countries will get to know each other through the growing generation in a way sure to



*Photo, by Bachrach*

Sir Robert Baden-Powell (Chief Scout), Lady Baden-Powell (Chief Guide) and Mrs. Juliette Low (National President of the American Girl Scouts, during the recent visit of the Founder of Scouting to this country.

be of great benefit to all. Already hundreds of Girl Scouts correspond regularly with Girl Guides in England and many with Les Eclaireuses, or Girl Scouts, in France.

The Girl Guides in England really made a great name for themselves during the war. They gave valuable service to the Red Cross and the hospitals in London, acting as scullery maids, orderlies, laundresses and secretaries.

They filled jobs as messengers, collected papers and magazines for the soldiers, made bandages and cared for children whose parents were working in munition factories. They established cellars in hotels in various cities for protection during air raids and in many cases they led in singing until the raids were over.

Dozens of interesting incidents about the Girl Guides were told by Lady Baden-Powell during her visit here. One thing of special interest was the origin of the highest decoration that can be given to a Girl Guide in England. It is a bronze "C"; the letter stands for Edith Cavell and Courage. So far only one girl has won it, and she saved a child from burning to death by smothering the flames with her own clothing—seriously injuring herself.

And now for the cities which extended them such hearty welcome. On their arrival they went first to Boston, one of the liveliest Girl Scout centers, where they were en-

tertained by Mrs. James J. Storrow, Massachusetts State Commissioner of Girl Scouts. A full account of their doings in Boston will be found on page 10.

From Boston they went to Washington, stopping on their way in New York with Mrs. Arthur O. Choate, National Vice-President. There they were entertained at a dinner given by Mrs. John Henry Hammond at which more than 800 persons prominent in Scouting and other young people's organizations were present.

During the National Convention at the Capitol Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell were guests of honor at one of the most impressive Rallies ever held in Washington. The Chief Scout and Chief Guide were escorted to the reviewing stand by a Color Guard of Captains bearing the English and American flags. They reviewed eight hundred scouts and the Founder of Scouting decorated three Captains and five scouts with the "Golden Eaglet." He also presented to Mrs. Colman, the Director, a beautiful pearl and sapphire bar pin as a token of love and appreciation of the Washington Girl Scouts. The "Silver Fish," the highest honor in the Girl Guides, was conferred upon Mrs. Low. You have probably already read about this occasion in the June RALLY.

On the way back to New York the Chieftains made a flying visit to  
(Continued on page 2)

# The RALLY

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## THE SURPRISE

The greatest surprise of my life came to me on the 19th day of May, 1919, when I was decorated with a Thanks Badge in Carnegie Hall before three thousand girls. I had not the slightest suspicion that such an honor was in store for me but, as a matter of fact, for several months beforehand Girl Scouts all over the country had been contributing one cent towards giving me this badge.

I wish you could see it. The design is the same as every other Thanks Badge, but it is made of diamonds; the three half moons all diamonds, the clover leaf in emeralds with a small ruby in the centre. It is perfectly exquisite, and if I could thank each giver one thousand times it would hardly express my gratitude. When Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, presented it to me, I was so surprised and so touched that I could not speak for joy.

You all know that a Thanks Badge carries with it the obligation of every Girl Scout to aid the person whom they see wearing it, so I shall not only have this beautiful little badge itself, but I shall always find a friend whenever a Girl Scout sees it.

## The RALLY

I feel unworthy of such appreciation as you have shown me, but this badge shall be a closer link between us and a token that we will make Scouting a real living thing so that the world at large will be glad and grateful that it has come into our lives.

*Juliette Low.*

## A VISIT FROM THE CHIEF SCOUT

(Continued from page 1)

Philadelphia. They were entertained during their stay by Judge and Mrs. J. Willis Martin, of Chestnut Hill, whose daughter, Miss E. Gwen Martin, is Acting Commissioner of the Girl Scouts of Philadelphia. Miss Katherine Hutchinson, Chairman of the Local Council of Girl Scouts, entertained Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell at luncheon at the Ritz-Carlton, following which nearly 3,500 girls were reviewed at Fairmont Park.

New York also received Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell with open arms at a big Victory Rally in Carnegie Hall, participated in by representatives of the Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, Girls' Friendly Society, Y. W. C. A., Girl Reserves, Woman's Land Army, Girls' Service Club, Girl Pioneers of America and the Jewish and Catholic Big Sisters.

It was at this meeting that Mrs. Low was decorated with a jeweled Thanks Badge bought with pennies donated by Girl Scouts all over the country.

Finally the visitors saw "The Golden Eaglet," the inspiring Girl Scout Moving Picture written by Josephine Daskam Bacon, which gave them a vivid picture of Girl Scout camp life in America to take back to England.

Through a mistake in printing, Troop 23 of Buffalo was twice given credit as a Victory Troop in the columns of The Rally, and Troop 5 was omitted. Both troops have attained honor and should have been listed.



**JACK HORNER**  
LITTLE JACK HORNER WILL  
SIT IN A CORNER  
WITH MEALS HIS GOOD MOTHER  
HAS PLANNED.  
SHE'LL FEED HER WHOLE BROOD  
WITH THE CHOICEST OF FOOD.  
WHICH SHE IN HER WISDOM  
HAS CANNED.



# SIX SONGS FOR YOU

## CLIMB ALONG!

(Tune: "Joan of Arc.")

### *Golden Eaglet Song.*

Some girls are working, some girls are shirking,  
Some girls are too scared to try,  
Pluck up your grit, girls, use all your wit, girls,  
See where the Gold Eaglets fly!  
Watch them up above there, circling in the blue,  
Earn them—and they'll fly to you!

### *Chorus*

Climb along! Climb along! with a cheer and a  
smile and a song!  
Though it seems an awful lot to do,  
Others Scouts made good—and so can you!  
Climb along! Climb along! and you'll surely put  
it through.  
Then lead your troop to Victory—for the Eaglets  
are calling you!

## TENDERFOOT SONG

(Tune: "When You Come Back.")

When I'm a Scout—and I *am* a Scout,  
I'll make the other girls jump and look out!  
And as I get on, I surely will pass  
Like a bright lass to the Scout's Second Class.  
And when I've a First Class upon my sleeve,  
Oh, it's the proud girl I shall be! (Hurrah!)  
When I'm a Scout—and I *am* a Scout,  
There's a big job waiting for me!

## ORGANIZING SONG

(Tune: "A Hot Time in the Old Town.")

Come along, girls, get ready, let us form our patrol,  
Let us choose a dandy Captain who will make the  
Scouts enroll,  
All around us they are joining, and we can't be  
left behind,  
Get your friends all together—see how many you  
can find!

### *Chorus*

See, oh, see, the Scouts are coming in!  
Once they join, they stick through thick and thin,  
And when they play the game, they're pretty sure  
to win—  
There'll be a Scout troop in our town this year!

## WINTER SONG

(Tune: "Keep the Home Fires Burning.")

Keep the Scout work going,  
While the year is growing,  
Winter's cold and dreary, but 'twill soon pass by!  
We can all remember  
Through the long December,  
Camps and hikes and swims and sports in the  
warm July!

## HIKING SONG

(Tune: "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit  
Bag.")

Pack up your dinner in your brown knapsack,  
And hike, hike, hike!  
Take all you need upon your own strong back,  
Wander where you like.  
Leave the roads to motor cars,  
The side walks to the bike—but  
Pack up your dinner in your brown knapsack,  
And hike, hike, hike!

## SCOUT MARCHING SONG

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia.")

Everywhere you go today, you'll find a little Scout,  
Work or play, they lead the way, there can't be  
any doubt,  
When their Country calls on them, they answer  
with a shout,  
Rah, rah, rah, for the Girl Scouts!

### *Chorus*

Hurrah, Hurrah, the Scouts are on their way!  
Hurrah, Hurrah, we're surely here to stay!  
Comrades all around the world, we're growing  
every day,  
Rah, rah, rah, for the Girl Scouts!

### *Second Verse*

Nothing is too big or small for any Scout to do,  
Call them if you need their help, and they will  
see you through,  
Here's their motto—Be Prepared!—they mean it,  
yes, they do!  
Rah, rah, rah, for the Girl Scouts!

*Extra sheets containing these songs may be obtained for 4c. each, or 3c. if ordered in quantities  
of 10 or over. National Headquarters, Girl Scouts, 189 Lexington Avenue, New York City.*



### G. S. VERSE

Girl Scouts' is the place to go,  
To make our friendships rare;  
In jolly times where laughter chimes,  
With girls from everywhere.

Glad, oh be glad!  
Then sadly go away,  
Only don't forget to come  
Back another day.

EMMA SMITH,  
Albany, N. Y.

*The following letter appeared some time ago in The Washington Post. It was written by a Washington Scout and describes so pictur- esquely the work done by Scouts in a Washington Canteen that THE RALLY is glad to reprint it here.*

### A DAY IN THE CANTEEN

I am going to write you about my troop and what we do. I cannot write it all in one letter so my subject today will be "A Day in the Canteens of Washington." I will tell you about the last time I was there.

We assembled at our Captain's house at 9:30. At 9:45 we all started for the shipping board at Eleventh Street and Massachusetts Avenue, where we make the sandwiches we sell. When we got to the shipping board the other troop was already there. The directress put us to work immediately. Two girls buttered while two girls filled, and two girls cut and two girls wrapped, so everybody was busy. The bread-cutter was kept going as fast as it could be made to work. Girls were calling "Bread here!" "More filling, please!"

Our troop made egg and ham sandwiches while the other troop made cheese and olive sandwiches. The women who drive the trucks were cutting cake and the Camp Fire girls were in another room, also making sandwiches. Colored girls were hur-

rying from table to table refilling bread trays, butter platters, and some were churning butter by a modern process. Here and there captains were counting and filling the baskets into which the sandwiches were put.

It is a busy scene and everybody works hard. At last it is finished and now we are to have a surprise. It is a photographer from a New York paper who is to take our pictures. A flashlight! It is over! The trucks are packed and we are gone—bound for the Art Gallery ground at Eighteenth and C Streets, where we sell our wares to the Government employees.

We are there! The Captain gives the command "Unpack!" It is done in a jiffy. In ten minutes the ice cream is open, the sandwiches on the tables, the cakes on the chairs, the girls assigned to their places and ticket boxes arranged. Business begins. How fast they come!

These are some of the remarks you can hear every day at Eighteenth and C Streets between 12 and 1 o'clock. "A single." "A double" (meaning portions of ice cream, a single is one scoop, a double is two) "Ticket, please." "More spoons." "More cups." "Cashier's desk over there," (a wave of the finger in direction of cashier) "Chocolate, next stand." "Egg." "Ham." "Cheese and olive." "Thank you."

Girls are walking about with a doughnut on one finger, a sandwich in the palm of same hand and vainly trying to eat an ice cream cone with the other. Uniforms are seen here and there.

EDNA L. SCHWARTZ,  
Washington, D. C.

### GIRL SCOUT CAMP

The Girl Scout Camp at Central Valley, New York, which is under the direction of Miss Caroline Lewis, will be open from June 26th to September 4th. Any registered Scout will be welcome. The Scouts enter and leave Camp on Thursdays. The Scout work will be under the direction of Miss Isabel Stone. Miss Grace Kingsbury will have charge of the games and the Misses Ruth and Topp will conduct the Nature Study classes, and we are fortunate this year to be able to include Bird-Lore in these classes. Miss Leonore Davis will instruct in Basketry, and Miss Margaret Lancaster will take

## THE SCOUT

### WANTED!

Contributions for The Scout Scrap Book for September. Letters—not over 300 words long—entitled "What a Girl Scout Captain Does."

Photographs (must be sharp), or Drawings; "My Captain."

Verses—not over 24 lines long—"My Captain."

All contributions must be received by August 10th. The best material will appear in the September Number. Address: THE RALLY, Nat'l Hdqts., Girl Scouts, 189 Lexington Ave., New York City. *Read above rules carefully.*

*Unavailable material cannot be returned unless stamps are enclosed.*

charge of the Hikes. Miss Maude Griffin and Miss Beulah Hunt of the State College will conduct the Cooking and Housekeeping Departments. Mr. H. A. Lorenz will have charge of the Swimming, Diving, Rescue and Resuscitation work. Mlle. Suzanne Orssaud and Mlle. Elise Roze, who have been sent over to this country by the French Government to school here, will be in Camp with us all summer and teach French Folk Dances and have classes in French Conversation.

C. L., Local Director.

### CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"Douglas," the thoroughbred Scotch collie, who has been the mascot for Thistle Troop No. 6, of Cambridge, ever since he was a puppy, and who has attended all meetings, hikes and rallies, proudly led his troop at the recent review in Boston. He has taken a stiff examination in Girl Scout lore, and knows the difference between Boy and Girl Scout activities. He will not touch even the most tempting morsels if told that they are from Germany, Austria or Turkey, but he knows our own Allies. He is trusty, loyal, eager to be useful, a friend to all, courteous, cheerful and obedient. According to Troop 6 every scout troop should have a mascot, for, in addition to the pleasure it gives, it teaches them to "be kind to animals."

## SCRAP BOOK

*The following is an account of a rather unusual scout undertaking during the visit of Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell to Boston.*

### SERVING SOUP

A delicious beef bouillon, made by the famous cook, Portia Smiley, and donated to the scouts by The National Civic Federation, was sent to the Armory in twenty ten-gallon cans to be served to the scouts before the parade. These cans were placed about four feet apart on long tables.

Fifty girls from Troop 12, Boston, dressed in white cooking aprons and caps, served the soup, while ten younger girls from the same troop, with rep caps, acted as aides to keep order and run errands. The girls worked in pairs. On one side of the table behind each can a girl drew the soup in large pitchers which she passed across the table to her mate, whose duty it was to fill the cups of the long line of scouts drawn up in single file behind her. As each scout received her full cup she turned to the right and passed back to the place where her troop was eating lunch.

It was demonstrated that paper cups are not satisfactory containers of hot liquid, but all the girls who brought metal or china cups were quickly served.

GRACE E. LINGHAM,  
Captain, Troop 12, Boston, Mass.

### OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

#### A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY FOR SCOUT LEADERS

A generous offer, which will mean much to the leaders of Scouting, has been made by New York University in the form of a \$1,000 a year graduate fellowship to College men and women who intend to devote their lives to the teaching of citizenship.

#### GIRL SCOUTS TAX EXEMPT

*The Following Letter was Received at National Headquarters from the Treasury Department at Washington.*

Reference is made to your letter of April 23, 1919, transmitting an affidavit and copy of the charter of the Girl Scouts submitted for the purpose of determining the taxable status of this corporation under the provisions of the income tax law.

It appears that the organization was incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia for the purpose of promoting among the girls of the United States the ten Girl Scout laws: Truth, Loyalty, Helpfulness, Friendliness, Courtesy, Purity, Kindness, Obedience, Cheerfulness and Thriftiness. Its income is derived chiefly from contributions



and donations made by individuals. Some income is also derived from the sale of uniforms, badges and other equipment and is used for the purpose of maintaining an equipment and supply department. None of the income inures to the benefit of any private stockholder or individual.

Upon the statement of facts submitted it is held that the Girl Scouts is entitled to exemption from taxation by reasons of the provisions contained in Subdivision Sixth, Section 231 of the Revenue Act of 1918, and, therefore, will not be required to file returns of annual net income.

A copy of this letter is being forwarded to the Collector of Internal Revenue for your district in order that he may have a record of the exemption herein granted.

Respectfully,  
(Signed) DANIEL C. ROPER,  
Commissioner.

### NEWS FROM THE FIELD

*Jersey City.* Miss Cora Nelson has succeeded in organizing a Local Council, which will take up its work in the fall. The leaders' class, which Miss Nelson has been conducting, has ended. The Captains taking this course said that they were much benefited by it and were very sorry when it closed.

*New Brunswick.* Miss Nelson has been asked by the Local Council of New Brunswick to take charge of their summer camp which they will hold during the month of August at Spottswood, New Jersey.

*Hartford.* The second training course for Leaders in Hartford, Conn., came to an end with a private showing of "The Golden Eaglet." A large number of invited guests were present who were shown the different phases of Scouting by a demonstration. Senator Hemenway made an urgent appeal at this meeting for the support of the Girl Scouts.

*New Britain.* Mrs. Mundy held a short intensive training course for leaders and organized a Local Council in New Britain.



Three Cheers! Here is the first 100 per cent RALLY subscription troop! That means that every one of these girls is a RALLY subscriber. They are from Washington, D. C., and they belong to Troop 10 of that city. Miss Mary Hellen, Lieutenant. We hope that many other troops are going to follow their example.

# WASHINGTON SCOUTING NEWS

Edited by Edna M. Colman—Director

215 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Girl Scout Tea House opened on June 11th in Potomac Park from 5 to 9 P. M., under the auspices of the Washington Council. Mrs. Charles S. Hamlin, Commissioner, and two Councillors, Mrs. Frederick Brooke and Mrs. Frederick Atherton, were the special hostesses while eight uniformed scouts served the iced drinks and other refreshments to the motorists. This location was granted to the Girl Scouts by the government as a recognition of their fine war service and community work and by establishing a unique and attractive tea house at the extreme end of the peninsula just where the ferry lands and where the automobiles turn on the driveway, the Girl Scouts hope to earn sufficient money to carry on their activities during the winter.

A street car gaily painted with flower boxes at the windows and Japanese umbrellas following the color plan of the little house and the tables, etc., makes a most alluring spot to tarry for iced tea, lemonade, ice cream, cakes, etc. Against the background of river and trees this is particularly charming and the uniforms of the Scouts and captains in charge add to the general effect. This is to be open for business two days each week, Wednesdays and Saturdays when there are Band Concerts. After school closes, it is planned to open three days each week if not every day, according to the demand.

On the evenings of Friday, June 13 and 14, the captains held a Carnival or Country Fair on the Mt. Pleasant Playgrounds, where everything imaginable was on sale. The proceeds from this were turned in for camp equipment.

Pauline Fass, of Troop 35, is the only scribe who has never failed to have her notes in each Monday since the Washington Department began in THE RALLY. At the Rally of June 28th, she will be awarded the honor for this faithful attention to duty.

Troop 10, the first 100% RALLY subscription troop, adjourned for the summer on June 9th. They turned over to the Director the contents of the Treasury, \$10.48, which is to be used for camping equipment.

Each scout in the troop is to cor-

respond with a Guide or Scout overseas and in Canada.

Troop 40 also adjourned for the summer on June 2nd. They donated the contents of their Treasury, to be used to pay the board of one scout at the camp as far as it will go, which means that through their thoughtfulness some scout may have a week's fun which would not otherwise be possible for her.

*Mrs. William Scudder, Councillor, Member of the Court of Honor and Captain of Troop 411 Chevy Chase, gives the Boatswain Test. In order to help the scouts desiring to work up their boating knowledge during the vacation she has written the following suggestions:*

### BOATSWAIN AHOY!

All hands on deck for the Boatswain Test!

This is the time, scouts, to become efficient boatmen. The test can be passed in the Autumn after a summer's practice in camp, at the seashore, on a lake or river. The requirements given in our Handbook are for practical purposes, remember, and should be intelligently learned and understood by the applicant for this badge, not just reeled off parrot fashion in order to "get by" at the examination.

Let us look these requirements over:

**FIRST:** Be able to tie six knots. The scout may choose her knots, but the following are good and useful. The right knot for the right place is the idea:

**Bowline:** The best all-round knot for making a boat fast and for general use. It never slips.

**Two round turns and a couple of half hitches:** Good for making a boat fast to a post, or making fast guy ropes to a tent fly.

**Fisherman's knot:** If a rope is to be lengthened without waste use the knot in joining the two lines.

**Sheet bend:** The best knot for fastening a small painter to a large tow line or rope.

**Sheep shank:** Use this knot to shorten a rope instead of cutting it off.

Know why knots are used and how they are tied easily. Use the knots you learn and make them serve you;

do not treat them as Chinese puzzles or unintelligible messes of rope!

**Reef knot or Square knot:** A common useful knot where the pull is equal on both sides. Use this for your shoe-strings, neckties, hat cords, etc. It sets square, whereas the old "Granny" knot can never be persuaded to be straight or even.

**SECOND:** Row, pole, or scull a boat.

The best and most interesting of these is rowing. Paddling, too, is a good way of propelling a narrow, light boat.

**THIRD:** Land a boat and make fast.

To land a boat is to bring her up alongside a float, steps or pier, without running her bow into, or bumping the side on, the landing place. To make fast is to use a *good knot*.

**FOURTH:** State direction by sun and stars.

Study the sun with relation to the time of day, remembering that it rises in the east and sets in the west. Direction at night may be calculated from the North or Pole Star, which is always visible and is found in the constellation of the Little Bear. Face this star and remember that when facing north your right hand is toward the east and your left hand toward the west.

**FIFTH:** Swim 50 yards with clothes and shoes on.

Every scout who wants the Boatswain Merit Badge ought to be able to try this during the summer.

**SIXTH:** Box the compass and have a knowledge of the tides.

"Box the compass" sounds queer enough! The compass, or circumference of the circle forming its face, is divided into thirty-two "points." Each point has a name and as the names are not always marked on the face of a compass the Scout Sailor must learn them. If she will study it out a bit she will see the reason and necessity of the name of each "point," and when told to steer a boat NNE  $\frac{1}{2}$  E she will readily find upon her compass the spot  $2\frac{1}{2}$  "points" east of north and lay her course accordingly. Familiarity with the compass should be emphasized to those expecting to go far from shore or far into the woods. Do not learn the compass from a book. Take one with you and see for yourself how it works.



Captain Ida Mullen of Troop 30, with her team selling sandwiches and cake to war workers. The War Camp Community has asked for the names of all Girl Scouts who helped in the Canteen work in order that a certificate of recognition of this war service may be issued to them. One hundred names have gone in.

A knowledge of the tides is necessary to those who have a boat at the seashore. The tide may creep up the beach sometime and steal your boat, or it may leave you high and dry upon a rock if you do not give it thought and proper consideration. Remember that there is a high tide and a low tide every 12½ hours. The tide takes 6 hours coming in and 6 hours going out, with a fifteen-minute rest between called "slack water." An incoming tide is called a Flood Tide, outgoing, an Ebb Tide. The tide is caused by the attraction of the sun and moon to the earth. The moon, being nearer, is the stronger influence and draws the water toward it in a peak, as it were, making High Tide. At the same time the pull of the moon on the earth causes the earth to draw away from the water on the far side of the globe, making two high tides at each 12½ hours, one toward, and one away from, the moon. At full moon and no moon the tides are higher and lower, due to the pull of the sun and moon being in a straight line.

SEVENTH: Know the Rules of the Road for steamers and power boats, and lights.

See Pilot Rules, Government Printing Office, for this information.

Don't try for this badge if you want to "slide by" the examination. Be a practical Boatman in order to become a Boatswain, which, by the way, is pronounced "Bos'n."

### RHEIMS

Desolate, mould'ring, yet proud you stand,  
Who once did guard a Heaven-blessed land;  
Tall and grand in silent grace,  
While ever gathered at your base  
Were guardian angels free.

Your lofty towers to the sky  
Were reaching up in dignity;  
Within the shadow of thy might  
Were myriad candles burning bright  
Shining in awe of thee.

Green and orange, red and blue,  
Shadows soft of purply hue.  
Before thy altar shone in line  
Of joyous harmony divine,  
Of sun through colored glass.

Like waves at sea on stormy days,  
So thundering sounds the hymn of praise,  
In radiant vestments bright and gold  
Thy glorious cross on high they hold,  
In double file they pass.

ROSAMOND CASTLE,  
Troop 10, Washington, D. C.  
Reprinted from The School Bulletin.

### A CONTRIBUTION TO BELGIUM

At the beginning of the War, when refugees began pouring into England from Belgium, two elderly ladies of Beckenham, the Misses Martha and Agnes Ritchie, 78 and 74 years of age, opened their home to

one Belgium family and took care of them until they could speak English.

They turned over their house to them and secured funds for their support from among their friends. As soon as the family learned English, they set out for themselves.

The next occupant was a Belgian Priest with seven Belgian teachers.

To them were sent gradually, the little refugee children, until five hundred were under their care, all being taught English and having regular meals at noon and evening.

Last October, the Misses Ritchie, having exhausted their own resources and that of their friends in Beckenham, sent a request to the United States for aid in clothing and sending the children home to Belgium.

Troop 9 learned of this work through the interest of the Red Cross people and sent a donation of ten dollars, which brought the following letter:

"Dear . . .

"Thank God the War is over, and thank God all in the War has not been bad. This time of murder and haste has given me many best English friends, so helpful and generous

"On behalf of my dear, little ones I thank you as much as I am able. One of these days I will send you an Album with all the photographs of the Belgium Breckinham School.

"I am a teacher of five hundred students. Be sure, feeling as I do, I will make them a lover of England and a sympathizer with America

"Yours, ever thankful,

"D. DAMS.  
"2 Foxgrove Rd., Beckenham, Kent, England."

Still later another letter came, through a Red Cross nurse, to Miss Bache and her Troop, with the photographs, in appreciation of the fact that they were the first of the Girl Scouts to help in the splendid project of sending these little ones back to their native land.

It is a remarkable fact that the College in Belgium from which Father Dams came is the only structure left undemolished in Lier.

Emily Thour, Troop 9, Joke Editor, has received the following contribution:

A Scout came rushing in all out of breath and reported:

"Sir, the Germans are as thick as peas!"

The officer replied very calmly: "All right, 'Shell Them.'"

## The Story of a Girl Who Sighed for Studio Life

### A TASTE of BOHEMIA

By *Josephine Daskam Bacon*



RS. WESTON followed her husband to the end of the piazza and sat down by the arm of the chair dedicated to his after-dinner cigar.

"I'd like to talk a little about Barbara," she began with a small sigh. Mr. Weston chuckled softly.

"Barbara again? So soon?" he said. "Well, what is it now? Does she want the dining-room painted pea-green? Am I requested to smoke a hookah, like Alice's caterpillar, and shun anything so ordinary as a cigar?"

"Not exactly that," and Mrs. Weston smiled faintly. "It seems amusing to you, Horace, but I assure you if you lived under a running fire of that child's comment and criticism you would take it more seriously. She wants the parlor done over again to imitate a Japanese tea-room—she will use it for a studio then, she says. She assures me that a 'parlor' is provincial and inartistic to the last degree. She says that it is 'horribly conventional,' and that everybody comes right into the sitting-room anyway—which is true enough, for that matter—and that every room in the house should be in constant use and show it. The idea, Horace! Parasols and dragons and bamboo portieres she wants, and then it will be different, she says!"

"Well, my dear, you can't deny it would," and Mr. Weston laughed outright. "Why won't the attic do any longer?"

"That's what worries me, Horace, because she's so determined this time. She says that the attic was just a play-room for her while she was a child, to practice her childish ideas in. Every square inch of the wall is covered with pictures and the matting is old. She thinks it's undignified for her to go up two flights every time she wants anything; she's almost eighteen now and the only daughter, and if we treat her seriously we'll give her the parlor. Now, Horace, do you think I ought to do it?"

"No, no, dear; certainly not! I'll talk to her. When Roberta has gone—"

"Oh, Roberta! I don't want to be rude to your cousin, Horace, but I must say—"

"There, now, Madam, I have you! Who said by all means *not* to invite her? Who admitted that she was flighty and irresponsible and the worst thing for Bab? And who insisted—"

"I know, Horace, I know! But it seemed so inhospitable, and I hadn't an idea she'd be so silly."

"Silly? My dear Elsie, the silliness of Roberta Weston has yet to be measured! When a woman of twenty-eight insists on being called 'Bobbie'—"

"There's another thing, Horace! I almost wish we had been willing to call Barbara 'Phyllis,' as she wanted us to, for then she'd have been satisfied, perhaps, and now *what* do you think Roberta calls her?"

"What?"

"'Ritchie!—because her middle name is Richardson. Oh, Horace, boys are *so* much easier!"

Up in the despised attic on a couch whose denim cover was embroidered with the autographs of her friends, sat Barbara, her arm about her new friend's waist. Cousin Roberta was attired in a fascinating Japanese kimono that trailed behind her. Her hands were covered with quaint rings, her hair was elaborately curled, her slippers brass-buckled and high-heeled. If the gown was not so fresh as it might have been, the rings more noticeable for their oddity than their intrinsic value, the slippers exaggerated in style, none of these things occurred to Barbara. With her gray wide-opened eyes fixed adoringly upon her cousin's face—the privilege of calling such a woman "Bobbie!"—and her fingers absently twisting the loose locks over her temples—Barbara regretted bitterly the youthful appearance those floating, almost yellow locks inflicted upon her—the object of many family councils condemned her own difficulties.

"If Father would only take the matter seriously" she said regretfully; "but he won't! He just laughs and says, 'Well, well! are we so far behind the times as that? Dear me, dear me!'"

"Oh, Cousin Horace was always just like that," agreed Roberta, "just exactly. He never would be serious. He never will take the slightest risk, never go into any new scheme unless he knows the pedigree of everybody connected with it and sees just how it's going to come

out. Now, that's not reasonable, you know, Ritchie. You have to take risks in business if you want to make any success. Why, I know men in Wall Street that stand to lose thousands every day—thousands! They just take the chances. They may come out beggars or they may come out millionaires—they don't know. Cousin Horace is too conservative. There's no excitement in life if you know all about it beforehand. Why, to tell you the truth, my dear, I've more than once gone home to my little den—and there's been nothing for dinner there!"

"No" sighed Barbara, excitedly, "you don't mean it, Cous—Bobbie! What *did* you do?"

"Why, something turned up every time! Somebody came in and asked me out, or there was a check waiting for me from some article that I'd forgotten I'd written, or somebody brought some cheese in to make a rarebit. Oh, if you trust to things happening, they will!"

Barbara drew a long breath of relief.

"That's just the way I'd love—perfectly love to live!" she announced, eagerly. "It's so artistic and informal and jolly, and so individual too. You have a chance to live your life as you want to, not as your relatives want to."

"In short," said Cousin Roberta, comprehensively, "it's Bohemian!"

Barbara smiled with satisfaction

"That's it—that's just it," she agreed. "Now, here, it's all just the way it always has been. Sleep in the bed-room, eat in the dining-room, read in the study. If I want to make some little thing in the parlor with the chafing-dish, you know, Mother says it's absurd, with the dining-room across the hall and the gas-range in the kitchen, and the risk of grease on the rugs! If I get all my things together and plan to have a little study and studio and everything combined in my room, why, Father sits right down on that. He says it's unwholesome—a bedroom is meant to sleep in, and the air should be kept fresh, and isn't the house big enough for me? If I want something besides those deadly old engravings in the study, and bring my Gibson pictures and a poster or two and my Jap umbrella, why, there it is again!—'A sense of the fitness of things, my dear, is surely

one of the first requisites of the artist.' He says the study would give him the nightmare every night with those unholy objects scattered about.

"I admit that they looked ridiculous there," added Bab, honestly, "but whose fault was that? Not the fault of the things, surely. It was the other things in the study that threw them out."

"What I have always said about Cousin Horace, that I say today," Cousin Roberta declared solemnly. "A fine man, but Philistine to the core!"

"Y—yes," murmured Bab, undecidedly, worried by the "Philistine," but consoled by the "fine man."

"Now, Cousin Elsie," continued Roberta reflectively, "doesn't approve of me one bit—I see it plainly. And I know why. She knows how I detest housework and managing and planning ahead. I want to

spend my money for *personal* things, artistic things, not washtubs and soup-tureens. The care of a house would drive me wild; those little tiresome, endless details I have no sympathy with. But Cousin Elsie loves them, I do believe. Now, you, Ritchie, sympathize with me. You have my temperament. If you wanted to come down with me when I go, I'd like to have you stay a week or so. Could you?"

"Oh, Cousin Roberta, I should love to! Do you really mean it? Really?"

Barbara was in ecstasy at the very prospect, but suddenly her face fell.

"They'd never let me, never!" she said gloomily.

"I suppose not," Bobbie agreed. "Of course, you know, New York isn't anything in the summer. No one's in town, they say; and yet I'm

not so sure about that, after all. Every year more people find out that you can have a good time there, if you know how. And then, anyway," she added philosophically, "if you can't afford to leave, you can't, so you'd better enjoy it."

"Oh, I should enjoy it!" sighed Barbara, twisting her love-lock tighter than ever; "but I don't believe they'll ever let me," and she went out to get ready for dinner.

Cousin Roberta was not one to let the grass grow under her feet, as she herself expressed it, and she brought Bab's heart into her mouth by remarking casually between dinner and dessert:

"Oh, by the way, Cousin Horace, what do you say to lending Ritchie to me for a week? I'd try to keep her from being homesick, and if she wants to see how artists live, I can show her a few."

Barbara dared not look at her mother's face, but she watched her father through her lashes.

"Artists? Artists?" repeated Mr. Weston, composedly ladling whipped cream over his jelly. "I had no idea that Bab was going in for art too. Are you determined to conquer along every line, then, my dear? Shall we have a symphony soon?"

"Oh, Cousin Horace, you are too bad!" protested Roberta. "Of course I know that literature is Ritchie's line, but when I say 'artist,' I mean all that, you know. Why should painters appropriate that name any more than the rest of us? Art is broad."

"It is, indeed," responded Cousin Horace gravely; "and so that I know what you mean, Roberta, it's all right. About Bab, if she'd like to go and you'd like to have her, I can see no objection, I'm sure. I think that a week, seeing that it's August, would be enough for her, as she's not used to the city at that time."

Barbara could hardly trust her hearing. Was it possible that her mother approved of this? At any rate, she made no comment whatever, and the meal proceeded quietly.

For the next two days Barbara packed her trunk violently, stocking it with pens and paper enough to last a season, and privately hoping that the week might extend to two, laying in twice as much clothing as her mother advised. Roberta, who was on her vacation, reclined upon the couch and talked lazily of fascinating little suppers after the theatre, newspaper conferences with well-known people, endless tickets to the matinee—she had a cousin in the box-office—and amusing interviews with celebrities, for she had

(Continued on page 14)



Barbara ate in happy silence, delighting in the unmatched china and the "company cup".

## OUR VISITORS

THE Chief Scout and Chief Guide arrived with their Sea and Canadian Scout escorts in Boston at 9 A. M., breakfastless. With difficulty they were rescued from the waiting reporters.

Once safely away from the station it took just one minute to appreciate that our guests were of unusual quality.

Sir Robert, the Chief Scout, bubbles over with fun, good humor and good sense, while Lady Baden-Powell, more serious in manner, is equally simple, informal and sincere. Both lack entirely the self-consciousness to which we are accustomed in our earnest workers, and each has a charm all his own.

Before they came, some of us had been a little annoyed by the indefiniteness of dates and, not knowing exactly why they were coming, feared difficult questions might be raised and routine disturbed to which we were accustomed.

With their arrival the wonderful possibilities of an international organization dawned on our imaginations. Here were two people, come not to criticize or disturb, but to draw together, to help, to spire, with no desire to dictate, but to confer and draw out the best.

At great personal inconvenience and sacrifice, they had left their children in the new house that was not yet settled, to take this long journey for the sake of unifying and promoting the cause we all have at heart. It was a wonderful inspiration on Mrs. Low's part, and is just one more debt of gratitude we owe our president. This visit of the two Chief Scouts, will surely help us here to guide our association along the right path.

We had been warned not to plan too much for Sir Robert, as his health was not rugged. We found this applied only to formal and public events. Privately both he and Lady Baden-Powell wanted to see everyone and everything, and give themselves whole-heartedly whenever it would help Scouting. They were also full of interest in sightseeing, so we had several pleasant excursions between events, such as the little tour about Boston to see the old State House still adorned with the lion and unicorn of Colonial days, and the long walk across the Common, which Sir Robert especially wanted to see, and one ride through the parkway and around the embankment, after the big review, the stroll around the farm on Sunday morning when we heard the details of the new house in England, and stories of the children, and a

*Sir Robert and  
Lady Baden-  
Powell  
in Boston*

motor ride past the Sudbury meadows still flooded with the spring rains.

The luncheon at the invitation of Mrs. Hartt, the Deputy Commissioner of Massachusetts, and the dinner cooked and served by the Girl Scouts, were both as jolly and informal as possible. The scouts who served the dinner were majestic in their dignity and sense of responsibility, while the guests were quite the contrary.

The dinner was delicious and the menu sufficiently ample to show the prowess of the scouts. Sir Robert was so appreciative that he suggested taking all, who had assisted in preparing and serving it, to Utah and marrying them.

The Lincoln Scouts had a special treat. Every member of the troop came through the rain on Sunday afternoon, and after a formal greeting, sat about Lady Baden-Powell on the floor, while she told them of the English Guides and when it was found that many of the girls present had relatives in England, it was planned for each to ask the name of a Girl Guide in the town from which her family had come, and correspond with her.

It was with keen regret that we let our visitors go. The glow of friendship and comradeship remains, and short as it was the visit of Gen. Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell has made a deep and lasting impression in Boston.

HELEN O. STORROW,  
Commissioner of Massachusetts'  
Council, Girl Scouts.

## THE GIRL SCOUT DINNER

IT was dinner to be remembered, that one given in Mrs. Storow's home during the visit of the Baden-Powell's to Massachusetts. Mrs. Storow opened her Boston house, and invited the Girl Scouts to put it in order and prepare the dinner. Of course we chose the girls whom we thought knew the most about cooking, and though there was a delightful excitement about laundering Lady Baden-Powell's hankies, intercepting reporters, and the elaborate cooking, we all heaved a sigh of

hapy relief when the courses were actually eaten. We guiltily thought of that plank which went up in smoke before the beef was done, and alas, of those dandelion greens so carefully picked and then discovered still in their natural state after the dinner was all served! However, our distinguished guests' evident enjoyment of what they had partaken made us quite happy in meeting them informally later in the Work Room, before the reception in the Play Room. There, Sir Robert gave a delightful and helpful talk on Scouting, fleeing immediately after with Lady Baden-Powell and Mrs. Storow. The other guests remained for a while before wending their way homeward through the rainy night, while Mr. Storow waited until the scout leaders could "wash the cups and saucers up" and he could pilot them home. Perhaps he could tell you how the silver was packed away! We admit some mistakes, but Mrs. Pratt and Bridget will never tell all the happenings behind the scenes. They consoled us by saying we had "done well."

ANNA I. VINTON,  
Director, Brookline Girl Scouts.

## THE REVIEW

MAY 10th was a red-letter day for the Girl Scouts of Massachusetts. Thirty-five hundred strong we greeted the Chief Scout and Chief Guide of England and our own beloved National President. With less than two weeks' notice we had only dared to hope for about two thousand girls, but blessed be the enthusiasm of true Scouts! As they poured into the South Armory, the Committee was amazed at the numbers. It was a huge undertaking, but we do not hesitate to say it was a success, for while the Committee did the initial planning, the real credit belongs to the Scouts themselves. It was true scout spirit and real team-work.

The Reviewing Stand on Commonwealth Avenue was beautifully decorated with English and American Flags, and in it were many notable people, the Mayor of Boston, officers of the English and American Armies, leading officials, both National and State, of the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and prominent people from various parts of Massachusetts. It was a wonderful sight as the long parade passed by. The music of the splendid Drum and Bugle Corps, four in all, supplied the rhythm so necessary for good marching. There were hundreds of flags, almost every troop carrying the National colors and the troop flags. The *Boston Transcript* called it the most beauti-

(Continued on page 16)

## CAMP GARDENERS

*A Last Year's Record Made at Norwood, Mass., That Should Be an Inspiration to Scouts This Year.*

It was hard to choose between the alluring locations, offered to a group of would-be campers—groups, rather, for thirty-two of the girls were to come in July and thirty-two more in August.

Could anything be more attractive than an old farmhouse, rambling and roomy, sturdy and tight, with a fireplace in every room; a barn of huge dimensions for the drill and games and setting-up exercises when the weather forbade, activities out-of-doors; a gently-flowing river, tying itself in bowlines and figures of eight around the pastures and meadows and wooded slopes of the farm, and at one point washing a miniature sandy beach? Do you wonder that we almost felt sorry when something quite different was handed out to us, but something much too good to be turned down? Picture a bit of virgin forest on the shore of a sapphire lake; a clearing large enough for a camp site, two roads leading out of camp, and a winding foot-path to the water. Here was a new building, designed and built expressly for us, containing a mess hall, a kitchen and dressing rooms, with storage space overhead. The house had overhanging eaves, and open sides that were well screened, with wooden shutters that pulled up from the inside and attached themselves to the ceiling.

Three-quarters of a mile away lay the key to the whole situation, in the shape of an acre and a half of subdued land, shot through with many cobble stones and bewhiskered with an exuberant growth of witch-grass. For this was the year when Uncle Sam needed all the food that every foot of land could produce, and the Norwood campers were dedicated to the patriotic task of coaxing crops from this "wild acre."

The camp was scheduled to open on June 25th. Obviously a garden started at so late a date could not hope to mature its products before the first early frost in the fall. Two outstanding facts had to be met and reconciled. First the land must be made ready and the seed put in the ground early in May; second it must be done by scouts. Seven miles away, across country in the town of Millis, was a Troop of scouts from whose ranks came eight volunteers for the work to be done up to the time of the opening of camp. That meant raking out stones and trash, leveling and making fine a seed-bed, marking out straight rows, putting in the seed, keeping down the weeds,

and transplanting the small lettuce and onions and cabbage plants when they crowded each other, scattering fertilizer in the rows, and cutting up and planting six bushels of seed potatoes. Quite a contract for a bunch of young farmerettes, most of whom had never put a seed in the ground before!

But the chief difficulty was one of transportation. With no direct line of communication our journey was a composite of hike, steam railroad and trolley travel with long waits between. Sometimes we appealed to a friend or a neighbor with a heart and an automobile, and on such occasions the trip was unalloyed happiness. Every Saturday our faithful squad gathered for the day's labor, and often during the week a trip after school just saved the day, when it became a question of getting in or getting out weeds at just the right moment. On two or three occasions we had help from other troops, and from nearby Lone Scouts, and for all assistance we wish to give due credit.

But the burden of the work and the responsibility for success fell upon Troop I of Millis, Mass., without whose faithful application to the task there would have been no opportunity for our regular campers to take up their garden work the day after their arrival, and keep it up until they left camp the last day of August.

Every morning immediately after tent inspection the bugler blew "assembly," and the garden squad fell in and marched to the scene of action, and put in two hours of hard work, as set forth in the following song, which was inspired by their efforts:

Here comes the Garden Squad,  
Our job is to punish the sod;

We dig and we scrape,  
And the vicious weeds we prod.

We don't mind rain or mud,  
The sport has got into our blood;  
We challenge the beans,  
The onions and greens,  
And the corn and buggy "spud."

The old black horse astride,  
We cultivate as we ride;  
With hop and a jump,  
A thumpty bump,  
We kick the stones aside.

We feel puffed up inside,  
We view our work with pride;  
Then back we tramp  
To the Girl Scout Camp  
With an appetite long and wide!

On July Fourth, when green peas were selling for a dollar a peck, our campers dined sumptuously on a bushel of their own raising. Not only did their garden keep the camp supplied with fresh vegetables throughout the season, but it furnished the material used by the canning classes, and still had a surplus which was sold for \$200. The experiment was a notable success and the girls left camp determined to have gardens of their own another year.

FLORA B. MUNDY,  
National Field Captain.

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## SCOUT NEWS

### TOLEDO, OHIO.

June 21, 1919, will be field day for Toledo Girl Scouts. At 10 A. M. scouts from Toledo, Bowling Green, Maumee, and Perryburg will assemble in a body at Ottawa Park for a day of the best fun the Scouts of any district can enter into, namely Troop contests. And you can wager we have a great many troops who expect to carry off the Silver Loving Cup presented by Mrs. George W. Stevens.

All the Scouts of the city are eagerly looking forward to the day and training for it too.

Next week is War Savings' stamp week in Toledo as in many other places. Girl Scouts have been officially asked to help in the Campaign and you may be sure that we will put forth every effort to make Toledo go over the top.

Mrs. L. C. J., Local Director.

### NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

The Girl Scouts of Newport recently gave an entertainment which was quite a success. The principal feature of the program was the film "The Golden Eaglet." The members voted to send you ten dollars. This is their first contribution to National Headquarters.

M. S. N., Captain.

### GOFFSTOWN, N. H.

Captain Turner's Girl Scouts, Troop 2, Goffstown, are a very happy lot over the outcome of their food sale on Thursday, which was such a splendid success. The receipts of the sale amounted to \$21.08, and at a special meeting it was voted to give \$12 to the Salvation Army. The girls extend to all a vote of thanks for the generous patronage.

These girls have only been organized since May 13th, and half of them are well started on the Second Class test.

G. E. T., Captain.

### GOLDFIELD, NEVADA.

The Victory Girls of Goldfield, Nevada, held an entertainment, which was featured by a folk dance by members of the Junior Girl Scouts. It was one of the prettiest dance features ever seen in Goldfield. Sixteen girls took part, beautifully costumed and trained so that there was not a break in the entire program.

exciting baseball game with the grand stand packed with enthusiastic onlookers. An interesting feature of the morning was the Doughnut Race—open to all scouts—when each tried to swallow her doughnut first when lying flat on the ground with hands in back. As a closing, the scouts were reviewed by Mayor Watt and Mrs. Van Rensselaer, the President of the Council, and prizes were awarded.

J. C., Local Director.

### CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Girl Scouts of Hyde Park, Cincinnati, Ohio, composed of three troops, gave an entertainment to earn money for "Our Club Room." The scout film, "The Golden Eaglet," was shown combined with a miscellaneous program consisting of the opening of a Girl Scout meeting, songs, a garden dance and First Aid demonstration. Medals were presented, four girls receiving War Medals, one First Aid, and eight Tenderfoot pins. We are the only troops of Cincinnati having our own Club Room and the proceeds of over forty dollars will be used for furnishing it.

### COMFORT, TEXAS.

The musical and dramatic entertainment given by the Comfort Girl Scouts at Steves & Stahmann's Opera House was a decided success, and earned a very considerable sum of money for the Comfort school, the school being the beneficiary for which the entertainment was gotten up.

All the musical numbers were well done, and several of them aroused unusual enthusiasm. The playlet, "Christmas at the Cross Roads," given by pupils of the Comfort school, though rather an ambitious undertaking for folks so young, was

day evening, April 20th, for we think it is the "best party" we ever gave.

Each patrol had something special to do in preparing and serving the dinner. One patrol did the cooking, another the decorating, another served the meal and the rest cleared the tables. We had the most delicious soup, roast lamb, potatoes, peas, rolls, salad and ice cream and cake, and coffee (for the guests). Everything except the ice cream was prepared by the girls, the cake and rolls being made at home. We had fourteen at the guest table besides over fifty girls. The guests were at a table at one end of the hall and the girls at two tables at right angles to it. The girls were all standing at attention and salute when the Council entered and we repeated the promise before we sat down to eat. After supper each patrol had a charade, the Council voting on the best.

M. A., Secretary.

### Girl Scouts With Mother Nature

*Is there in All the World a Better Out of Doors Proposition?*

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## —AND SCOUTING NEWS FROM ABROAD

LETTERS FROM A  
GIRL GUIDE

*Letters and Song Received by Julia Thomas—Gentian Troop, Minneapolis, from Sybil B—  
an English Girl Guide.*

I was so glad to get your letter. I got it last night when I came home. You see, yesterday we had a cricket match. Do you play cricket? What other games do you play? I have so many things to say and Nora, my sister, will interrupt, that I am sure I shall forget half.

I am sending our Guide song; isn't it ripping? Please send me one of yours, it sounds awfully nice. I'm afraid I use an awful lot of slang, but I suppose I'm young for my age.

I hate having dresses below my knees, do you? If Mother and I go to the dressmakers, we always have an argument. I want it on the level with my knees and she wants it about three inches below, so we always split the difference and have it about 1½ inches below. How long do you have your dresses? I am longing to see your photo. I wish you could send a photo of your voice as well, but I am afraid that is impossible.

I have passed my Second Class test and got my Gymnast, Naturalist, Needlewoman's, Thrift, and Child Nurse badges. I am ready to go for my Domestic Service, Artist, Cook, Laundry, and Cyclist and shall soon be ready for my Embroideries, Signaller, Scribe, Knitter, Dancer, and Ambulance, but I don't know as I shall pass them all. I should like to go in for my Entertainer's badge, but I believe I should be too nervous. I have been made Patrol Leader of the Shamrock Patrol, five of us are Second Class, another almost so and two tenderfoots, who are going to be enrolled next Thursday, at our Guide Meeting. How often do you have meetings? We have one a week—on alternate Thursdays and Fridays.

Do you know Morse? If you do will you write part of your letter in Morse? Do you like French? I don't mind it.

Awfully nice about your company adopting Marie Menard. Our school has two little boys in their care, Billy Hills and Gerald Smith. They are cripples, poor little fellows, and we provide them at Christmas time with all their clothes for the year. We all subscribe to buy them and the bigger girls make them under the sewing mistresses' supervision.

Then we send them Christmas cards. I correspond with them all through the year. When you write tell me more about Marie as I love little children.

By Brownies I meant—well sort of younger Guides from 8 to 11. You see to be a Guide you must be 11 years old. Well, it's rather hard luck for the younger ones not to be able to join, n'est-ce pas? Don't think I'm swanning, but Nora, my sister, and I hardly ever say "isn't it?" It's quite the usual thing to bring out little French phrases in our family,—such as *tres "rip," comprenez-vous avez-vous fini?*

Now to go on about the Brownies, well, do you not have Wolf clubs? If so, it's almost the same. They have badges and First and Second Class tests the same as we do, but on an easier scale. They promise "To be loyal to God, and the King and to help other people at all times, especially those at home." Their uniforms are brown.

Do you have haversacks? We do, khaki ones. Our uniform is navy blue with light blue tie. We do not have skirts, but our school tunics. We have an awfully exciting Guide Week next week. On Friday, there is a Guide Concert, our company is not getting it up though. Then on Saturday we are having a cycling and marching tour to Burgh Castle,

## THE GUIDE SONG

## VERSE I.

*We're the Girl Guides marching on the King's highway,  
With a step that is light and a heart that's gay.  
There is room for me and there's room for you,  
And there's work in the world for the Guides to do.  
As the stars that shine overhead to cheer,  
We try to learn how to shine down here.  
Lend a hand, Comrade mine, lend a hand, lend a hand.*

## REFRAIN.

*Up girls, wake girls, it is no time for sleeping,  
Out in the open where the air is fresh and free,  
Work well, play well, comradeship still keeping,  
Set the windows of your soul as wide as they can be.*

an old Roman ruin. We take our tea in our haversacks and make fires to boil the kettles.

On the next Friday, the Countess of Leicester is going to inspect all the companies of Yarmouth and each company is going to do something; we are doing a stretcher drill. We have such a large company that we are divided into platoons, and the three acting lieutenants are platoon leaders. One of my patrol is going in for her Tenderfoot on Thursday and going to be enrolled about 4:30 if she passes.

I am keeping a "log book" of the Shamrock patrol's doings and meetings. I got the idea out of "Kidnapped" and "Treasure Island."

You mentioned in your letter about the weather being lovely for "hiking." I'm afraid that I don't know what you mean, perhaps you will explain in your next letter. What an exciting thing to do "to run to the woods and turn Indian" as you say, but over here we could not do that as there are very few woods to run to.

What is a Sophomore? And you say you will soon be a Junior? I am sorry I am so ignorant.

How awfully funny for you to wear your dresses so long. At our school nearly everyone up to 17 has her dresses only a couple of inches below their knees. You are rather lucky to be long and lanky, really it's so nice to have long arms and legs. I get laughed at at school because I have such short legs, and they are so fat in comparison. I am rather short and fat myself also. Before the war I used to be so thin it used to hurt me to wash even my neck, but since the war I have had so many potatoes, in fact, for nearly every meal, that now I am "monstrous fat."

How ripping taking Spanish! It must be rather interesting. Excuse my awful scribble, but Paul (my little brother) is worrying me to go up to bed, and I've got crowds to tell you yet.

We do not have to know Semaphore, except for the Signaller's badge.

What a most awful lot of pupils at your school. We've only got just over 200 at our school, but they are all girls, except about 1½ dozen small boys.

Fancy having only fourteen girls  
(Continued on page 15)

## The RALLY

## A TASTE of BOHEMIA

(Continued from page 9)

not entirely given up this work, though her "chief" had long ago given her the responsibility of filling a column of "fashionable suggestions" every other day. To Barbara the mere word *journalism* flung wide open numberless, if vague, possibilities; she was not quite sure what it included—Roberta seemed to do so many things—but then, as she had said, art was broad.

Baby was not at all sure she would enjoy "interviewing"; it seemed a small sort of business, somehow, to demand information concerning a person from the person himself—suppose he didn't want to give it? And it was so directly opposed to her old nurse's maxim, earnestly impressed upon her at a very early age:

*Never peek,**Never pry,**Never ask the reason why!*

But anyone so clever as Bobbie must surely know about this, and Bobbie found it very interesting and stimulating. And, anyway, one needn't begin with journalism, although it was quite the fashion now, Roberta assured her. One could "get into the magazines"—if the magazines wanted one! Bab hoped they would want her.

The weather had been exquisitely fresh and cool for August, and as she and Cousin Roberta walked across the city in the late afternoon, a little damp breeze blowing up behind them, Bab wondered at the necessity for fresh-air fund subscriptions. Surely no poor little children could die of heat in these clean, cool streets!

Roberta had sent aead to her chum to announce her arrival, and as they stepped out of the elevator into the dark little hall an appetizing odor of Welsh rarebit floated to meet them. Roberta pushed open one of four doors and swung into a small, rather crowded room, Bab close at her heels.

Her visitor gave a little cry of pleasure.

"Oh, Bobbie, isn't this too cunning!" she exclaimed. Roberta nodded carelessly.

"It's a decent little hole," she said. "How's everything, Baby?"

"Baby" was a little plump blonde creation with big blue eyes and a very practical little mouth. She might have been eighteen or twenty-eight—it was impossible to tell. Over a dainty silk evening-waist she wore a splashed and spattered painting-apron, and as she acknowledged her introduction to Barbara she continued to stir busily over the chafing-

dish. The walls of the room were crowded with photographs and posters, pen-and-ink sketches, bits of crockery, has-reliefs, looped fishnets, and two or three bright Japanese lanterns. One of these latter was inverted over a high lamp for a shade, and gave a quaint, mellow light that softened the mingled coloring of the gay little room. What was apparently a book-shelf was curtained over at the lower half, and the preparations for the coming supper showed that it was in reality a store and china closet. The bottom part of a little ladies' desk was concealed by another curtain, and that, too, proved to be a cupboard. Fresh rolls and butter were brought in by the janitor's little boy, a bottle of olives and a jar of devilled chicken came from under the desk, chocolate was boiling in a second chafing-dish; and when Roberta had spread an embroidered tray-cloth over the little heart-shaped tea-table and put a tiny green plant in the centre, the jolly supper was ready.

Barbara ate in happy silence, delighting in the unmatched china and tiny souvenir spoons with twisted handles, laughing merrily at the "company cup"—the only unbroken one—they gave her, and listening greedily to the rapid chatter of Baby, who had suffered many misfortunes that day, having foolishly bought a salmon-colored velvet stock by daylight intending it for evening wear—"and it looks absolutely ghastly, Bobbie, a hideous flesh-color with no lights in it!" Also the model had felt sick and refused to pose any longer, and they had put in one she detested. And her neighbor in the life-class had joggled her and ruined her skyline, and made her too nervous to get it right again.

"Jimmie sent tickets for you and Miss Weston," she added. "I'm going with the Doctor. Dee Dee's on a case."

"Dee Dee's the third of us," explained Roberta. "She's a trained nurse, and ought to be on a vacation, poor dear, for she's worked to death, but they don't let her alone. She's engaged, and when she can't go anywhere suddenly—they call her up at twenty minutes' notice—Baby gets the ticket that her devoted fiance purchased for her. But we'll all go together."

After supper Roberta and Barbara went into the second room to change their shirtwaists for something better befitting a theatre invitation. Roberta and Miss Du Long—for Baby had a more dignified name—shared it as a bedroom, and there was literally no corner for Bab's trunk.

"But we'll put it in Dee Dee's room," said Roberta, comfortably.

"Oh!" protested Bab, "but would Miss Dee—I don't like to—"

"Deane," explained Roberta, "Delia Deane. Yes, indeed—and where *would* you put it, Ritchie? Do you want to sit and hold it? Dear me, Dee Dee's used to that! She's out so much, you see, on her cases, and we pack things in here a lot. Once I had somebody staying here overnight—I didn't know her very well, either—and Dee Dee came home unexpectedly and found her in the bed. She hadn't met her at all. It was too rich!"

Barbara stared widely.

"Why, Bobbie, how dreadful!" she gasped; "what did Miss Deane do?"

"Oh, that was the funniest part of it," replied Roberta, heating her curling-irons over the gas, "the very funniest. You know Dee Dee's terribly strong—strong as a horse. And she's tall and big, too. She thought Baby and I had had a quarrel and one of us had come in here, and she just picked my friend up like a baby and had her in the parlor before she knew what was happening. You should have seen their faces! It was the funniest thing I ever saw."

"Now, see here, Bobbie," interrupted Miss Du Long, suddenly, "if you think that because you have company, all you have to do is to curl your hair and get dressed, you're mistaken! I've cleared up, but you'll have to come and wipe the things at least! I've hardly sat down today."

Roberta laughed good-naturedly and went out, half-dressed as she was, to wipe the little cups and plates, pinning up her hair as she went. Bab slipped into the fourth and last room of the tiny series—a cunning little bath-room, with a luxurious porcelain tub and shining nickel fittings—to pause in dismay on the threshold. Kneeling before the tub was Miss Du Long, *washing dishes in it*, while Bobbie, bare-armed and with half-arranged hair, sat composedly on the edge, wiping them for her friend. On the one chair of which the limited area admitted were piled the remains of the feast, in perilous proximity to the soap and towels that filled the intermediate spaces.

"We'll be through in a minute," called Baby, cheerily, "we're dreadfully fussy now about getting 'em done up right away; we used to leave 'em meal after meal, because Bobbie wasn't in the mood for it, and they piled up hideously. We never got through, then. But now we're just as proper and regular!"

Bab shook herself together: why shouldn't they wash them there? They certainly couldn't bring a dishpan into the parlor very well. And the tub was porcelain—it was really a charming way, when you came to think of it. But she was glad to find the traces removed when she entered the dear little bath-room again.

Presently the Doctor came, a frank, pleasant, boyish man, who fretted and fumed in pretended rage at the supper-menu.

"Never putting anything decent into your stomachs from morning till night!" he declared, "nothing but messes and slops! I vow you shall eat beefsteak tonight!"

Then they started out for the theatre, walking all the way, both because the night was fine and the Doctor wanted the exercise, and because they wanted Barbara to see the streets.

She walked along by Cousin Roberta, her head whirling with anticipation and excitement. The long lines of lights, the glowing windows, the indescribable city odors, cigar-smoke and whiffs from the drugists' and barbers' shops, the thronging changing crowds, the well-dressed men, the women, so utterly different from the passing women at home, the shrieking newsboys and clanging trolley-gongs, with the rumble of the elevated cars—all this, with herself a part of it, filled her with a delicious confusion.

In the lobby they parted.

"Baby and the Doctor are too swell for us—they've seats in the orchestra," said Roberta, lightly, "we're going upstairs."

Bab watched the two walking down the aisle: the Doctor handsome and well set-up in his evening clothes; Baby's curly yellow hair rising most effectively from an exquisite blending of turquoise-blue velvet and chiffon; and smiled at the thought of those little white-gloved hands cleaning chafing-dishes in a bath-tub!

She felt almost ashamed of her simple tucked blouse—it looked so plain and babyish. She longed for a jet-trimmed black satin waist like Roberta's, and did not know that her mother's unerring taste had produced, with the soft shirred gray silk and the deep collar of quaint yellowish lace, an effect that not only won Roberta's instant admiration, but caused more than one pair of eyes to follow the slender graceful figure, like some artist's "portrait of a lady."

The play was a popular light extravaganza, with much spectacular effect, and from the first tap of the

leader's baton to the drop of the curtain, Bab never lost a second of the performance. Between the last two acts there was a long wait, and Baby and her escort joined them for a little chat, while Roberta went to find some friend of journalistic fame, that Bab might meet in the flesh a woman whose name she had so often read at the foot of her witty columns. Everyone treated her with consideration, nobody implied by tone or glance that she was not yet eighteen; she was on a perfect equality, apparently, with this brilliant, well-poised metropolitan crowd; she longed for her father to see her now!

And after the play came the crown of all. With the brilliant finale ringing through her head, they went out into the bright, late night streets and found a white little table in a merry crowded restaurant. A band played somewhere; white-vested waiters glided about assiduously; the clink of glasses and silver, the murmur of voices broken by the occasional bright, high laugh of a woman, sounded everywhere; delicious rich dishes passed by them on heavily-loaded trays.

The Doctor sternly insisted on beefsteak, and they ate it laughingly, with little glasses of light wine; Bab felt like some woman in a story. The waiter served her as obsequiously as if she had been a princess, the long rolls of bread tasted like no other bread in the world, the band behind the palms played enchanted music.

Then home through the streets, grown darker and quieter, but still alive, and up into the little parlor. They scurried about and pulled the cushions from the narrow couch in the corner under the Japanese lanterns.

"We haven't got blankets enough, really, Ritchie," Roberta explained, "but here's the couch-cover if you're cold, which you're not likely to be. The last extra pillow-case was torn, and Dee Dee dusted with it last week; but you can sleep on a blue denim or a yellow satin or a burnt-leather cushion—will that do?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, Bobbie dear, anything!" murmured Bab, her mind a mixture of little glasses, fancy dances, white shirt-fronts, and perfumed evening dresses.

"Sleep as late as you like, you know—you've nothing to do," added Roberta. "Good-night!"

Barbara was asleep in ten minutes, but not before she had registered a vow to be either a journalist, an artist, or a trained nurse, and live forever in New York!

(To be continued)

## FROM A GIRL GUIDE

(Continued from page 13)

in your troop out of such a large school. Are none of the others scouts? How exactly do you mean "Bully?"

I cannot tell you much about Burgh Castle, but will tell you what I know. It is a very old ruin of a Roman Camp. The walls envelop three sides of a very large field, and by the other side is a river. The walls are nearly all left, but the camp and tower itself is entirely gone. The Romans had lookouts at each end of the camp all day and night watching for enemies creeping up the river.

I am too tired to write any more tonight, but will try and finish this tomorrow. But if you're bored don't read any further, as it is rather long.

*Tomorrow—Hallo!* Here I am again! I am at school. It is 5:20 P. M. You see my train does not go until 6:15, and as we stop lessons at 4:30 two friends who come from Acl and I wait at school until a quarter to six. Then we have a mistress to take us to the station.

*Wednesday night.* Sorry I haven't written before, but really I have not had time.

I have been making paper beads and little wooly Golliwogs this term and selling the beads at  $1/3$ d. per string and the Golliwogs at 3d. and 6d. each. The money I am going to give our captain to buy our little adopted boys a nice present for Christmas.

I have not time to say any more, except

Goodbye.

## The Girl Scout Shop

### Announcement

The Middy Blouse is no longer carried in stock, although Troops who still have these blouses will be considered officially uniformed. We now have a choice of two new styles, a Middy Coat and Skirt, and a One-Piece Uniform, which may be worn with bloomers and a shirt waist.

The old style khaki hat has been replaced with a new khaki hat, which has a soft, slightly rolled brim and a round crown. The hat matches the new uniforms in color.

Be sure to study the New Price List on the inside back cover of this magazine before ordering.

National Headquarters,  
Girl Scouts

189-191 Lexington Avenue, New York

## SCOUTING COURSE AT COLUMBIA

Education 195-C

*Principles and Practices of Scouting and Scoutcraft.*

Credit II, IV. 2 points. Dr. Fretwell, Mr. Smith and special lecturers. Mondays, 3:30-5:20. Men and women, Room 125 Macy.

Tuesdays and Thursdays, 3:30-5:20. Women.

Wednesdays and Fridays, 3:30-5:20. Men. Room 256, Thompson.

This course, given in co-operation with both the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America and the National Council of the Girl Scouts of America, is intended for both men and women—school superintendents, principals, teachers, Scout Executives, Scout Masters, Scout Captains, and all those interested in training in citizenship by means of Scouting. On Mondays expert leaders in Scouting will lecture on the aims, programs, organizations and constructive policies of the Boy or the Girl Scout movements, with special emphasis on what these movements are doing and can do in training boys and girls to meet effectively present and future, local and national needs. The periods, on Tuesdays and Thursdays for women and Wednesdays and Fridays for men, will be devoted to such places of Scoutcraft as camping, camp cooking, hiking, signalling, knot tying, first aid, tree study, troop formations, together with plans for organizing and conducting a troop. The members of the course will be organized into actual Boy and Girl Scout Troops. Opportunity will be provided to visit and study summer scout camps. As far as it is possible, work will be carried on out-of-doors.

Education 195-D—Scout Executives' course. Credit II, IV. 2 points. Dr. Fretwell, Mr. Smith and special lecturers. 9:30, Room

305, Horace Mann School. Admission to the course must have the approval of the instructors.

This course is intended for those men and women who are preparing themselves to meet the demand for trained executives in the medium size and larger cities. It includes the methods of organizing the community and raising the budget for Scouting, the work of the scout of executive in his relation to the national, state and local government, to the national movement, national headquarters, the local organization, community activities, and to the individual scout.

## SIR BADEN-POWELL IN BOSTON

(Continued from page 10)

ful parade ever seen on the streets of Boston. There was enough military discipline to keep orderly lines and march well, many marching "as well as trained soldiers"—said a distinguished officer from overseas, who was in the reviewing party. But here the military part ended. The happy faces, and general air of joyousness, combined with womanly dignity and patriotic zeal, seem to belong especially to Scouts, and made a deep impression on the thousands along the line of march.

Then at the Armory—who can ever forget that scene! Led by Field Captain Marion Scott, we gave the pledge of Allegiance, sang the Star Spangled Banner, and repeated the Scout Promise and Laws, our English guests joining with us. Real Scout training was shown by the perfect unanimity with which they spoke and sang—girls from all over the state who had never before been assembled. When the State Commissioner, Mrs. Storrow, introduced the National President, Mrs. Low, the enthusiasm was wonderful, and reached its culmination as Mrs. Low introduced the Chief Scout, Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, and his wife, Lady Baden-Powell, Chief of the English Girl Guides. Sir Robert's words will never be forgotten—"Play the Game and play in your place. Play for your side and not for yourself."

Yes, Sir Robert, we will "play the Game" and make it a game in which the whole world will one day join—the foundation for the real League of Nations.

ETHELWYN ROBLIN,  
Chairman of Review Committee.



"Oh Mamma," cried Algernon Butt,  
"Aren't you glad you're a newspaper cut?  
For if that squirrel knew  
That you never will do  
Any canning, he'd think you're a nut."

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## DUST WITH 3-IN-ONE OIL

Try this on your buffet, dining table, parlor table, chair, dresser, piano—on any varnished surface.

Moisten a soft woolen cloth or cheese cloth with a few drops of 3-in-One. Then wipe furniture just as if you were dusting.

You'll be astonished and delighted at the result. Every bit of dust and soil, greasy finger marks etc., will vanish. A little more oil and a little rubbing, and marks, scars and stains will disappear. All the original beauty and lustre of the finish will be restored.

3-in-One contains no grease, or acid to soil or injure. Has no disagreeable varnish odor.

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We congratulate you! And, as Official Outfitters to Girl Scouts in the District, we invite you to come and inspect our showing of Scout uniforms and other equipment.

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### SPECIAL OFFER

We have on hand a limited number of Leather Hiking Belts, with clasps for whistles, knives, ropes and Red Cross Kit. These will be sold at a reduced price, since the stock is being closed out and will not be renewed. Put in your order promptly.

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Red Bank, N. J.

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189 Lexington Avenue - New York City

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#### FLAGS

(Sale Restricted to Registered Scouts)

Troop Flags, 22 x 36 in, blue and white Sterling Bunting (unlettered) Scout emblem sewed on a green background .....	\$2.25
"Troop No. ...." and Flower name in white letters and name of "City and State" in blue letters on above Flag .....	.10 per letter
Semaphore Flags .....	.75 per pair
Morse Code Flags .....	.40

#### BADGES AND INSIGNIA

(Sale Restricted to Registered Scouts)

	Price each
Attendance Badge, silver plated (90 per cent attendance one year) .....	.10
Attendance Badge, gold plated (perfect attendance one year) .....	.15
G. S. Pin, polished brass .....	.25
First Class Badge (embroidered in Red and Orange colored silk on khaki) .....	.25
Second Class Badge (embroidered in Green Silk on khaki) .....	.15
Proficiency Badges .....	.15
Tenderfoot Pin (third class) .....	.05
Tenderfoot Pin (with safety clasp) .....	.10
Tenderfoot Pin (gold filled) .....	.50
Tenderfoot Pin (solid gold) .....	.25
Arm Bands .....	.10
Ex-Patrol leader's chevron, two angles and one bar mounted on khaki, ready to be sewed on sleeve .....	.25
Patrol leader's chevron, two angles mounted on khaki, ready to be sewed on sleeve .....	.25
Corporal's chevron, one bar mounted on khaki, ready to be sewed on sleeve .....	.20
Flower crests (name of troop) .....	.15
In lots of 10 or more .....	.10
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**The following badges sold only with the approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards**

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Ribbons, silk .....	.05
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#### INSIGNIA FOR OFFICERS

Lieutenant's Shoulder Knot, white .....	.05
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Lieutenant's Pin .....	.50
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#### RECORDS

Troop register loose leaf, provides complete records for 4 patrols .....	1.50
Additional sheets, each .....	.03
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#### CARDS

Measurement card (10 or more, 2½ cents each) .....	.03
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"Oh, Beautiful Country" .....	.05
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Sizes .....	10	12	14	16	18	38	40	42
Skirt .....	1.40	1.50	1.60	1.70	1.80	1.90	2.00	2.10
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Long Coat .....	2.30	2.40	2.50	2.60	2.70	2.80	2.90	3.00
Short Coat .....	1.75	1.85	1.95	2.05	2.20	2.30	2.40	2.50
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#### MATERIAL AND PATTERN

Khaki, per yard, 36 in wide .....	.40
Fattern—Long or short coat .....	.15
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Official patterns, sizes 10 to 20 years, are sold only with khaki and in corresponding quantities. Official buttons are issued only with the sale of khaki.

The buttons are loaned, not sold, and a deposit of 20c is required upon each set of 14 buttons; a deposit of 2c each is required for the larger buttons for Norfolk Coats



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## Khaki Land for Girls

Complete outfits of Girl Scout suits and accessories, including: Long and short coats, skirts, bloomers, felt hats, khaki hats, Girl Scout handkerchiefs with emblem, black neckerchiefs, canteens, whistles, belts, manila rope and camping accessories.

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